

# WELLINGTON SEA SHANTY SOCIETY

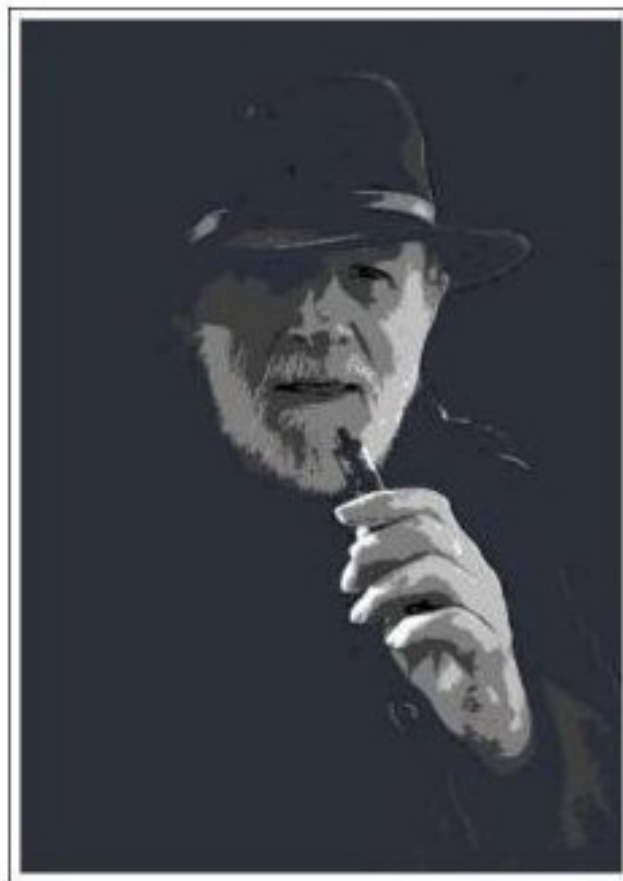


## SHANTY BOOKLET

January 2022



Dave Wheatley's  
Shanty Songbook Archive  
Portable Document Files



## The Shanties

1. Across the Line (The Sailor's Way).....	4
2. Cannibal Jack.....	5
3. All For Me Grog.....	6
4. Blood-red Roses.....	7
5. Anchor Me.....	8
6. Come All You Tonguers.....	9
7. The Ballad of Young Nick.....	10
8. Sailing.....	12
9. La Complainte des Terre-Neuvas.....	13
10. Le Corsaire <i>Le Grand Coureur</i> .....	14
11. Vive les marins, beaux mariniers.....	16
12. Davy Lowston.....	18
13. An Eye on the Weather.....	19
14. The Eddystone Light.....	20
15. Fiddlers' Green.....	21
16. Le Forban.....	22
17. What Shall We Do With a Drunken Sailor?.....	23
18. Hand Over Hand.....	24
19. John Kanak.....	25
20. Mates At Sea.....	26
21. The Leaving of Liverpool.....	27
22. We're Not in London Now (Sam Parnell's Law).....	28

23. The Men of the Grand Banks' Cry.....	29
24. New Zealand Whales.....	30
25. A Sailor Needs a Boat.....	31
26. Pour le coeur d'un marin.....	32
27. The Waves of the Great Open Sea.....	33
28. Dry Land.....	34
29. A Drop of Nelson's Blood.....	35
30. Haul Away Joe.....	36
31. Hori Waiti (Barnet Burns).....	37
32. Ship In A Squall.....	39
33. Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This).....	40
34. Reagan Dougan.....	40
35. Six Months in a Leaky Boat.....	42
36. Quinzes marins sur le bahu du mort.....	43
37. Salió de Jamaica.....	44
38. Whaling.....	46
39. Soon May the Wellerman Come.....	47
A History of the Wellington Sea Shanty Society .....	49
Index of tunes.....	50

## **1. *Across the Line (The Sailor's Way)***

I've traded with the Māori  
Brazilians and Chinese,  
I've courted dark-eyed beauties  
Beneath the kauri trees  
I've travelled along with a laugh and a song  
In the land where they call you "mate"  
Around the Horn and home again,  
For that is the sailor's fate

**Across the Line, the Gulf Stream  
I've been in Table Bay  
Around the Horn and home again  
For that is the sailor's way**

I've run aground in many a sound  
Without a pilot aboard  
Longboat lowered by lantern light  
Pushed off and gently oared  
Rowlock creaking, a thumping swell  
And a wind that'd make you ache  
Who would sail the seven seas  
And share a sailor's fate?

**Across the Line, the Gulf Stream ...**

INSTRUMENTAL

We've sailed away to northward  
We've hauled away to east  
We've trimmed our sail in the teeth of a gale

And stood in the calmest seas  
We've set our course by a southern star  
By Stewart through the Strait  
Westward round by Milford Sound,  
For that is the sailor's fate

**Across the Line, the Gulf Stream ... (× 2)**

## ***2. Cannibal Jack***

Content to feast on man or beast  
They call him Cannibal Jack  
You got the thirst, the grog he make  
Will put you flat on your back  
He liked to fight, he fought to kill  
He learned to cover his tracks

**“Lost faith in my own race  
There's no honour in their hearts  
Found more truthfulness of man  
In these people of the land”**

And be you warrior, be you sailor  
None escape his wrath  
Those folk who know, they know to hide  
They see the dark top hat  
So all you children get to bed  
Before the sky turn black

**Lost faith in my own race ... (× 3)**

### **3. All For Me Grog**

**Well it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly, grog  
All for me beer and tobacco  
Well I spent all me tin on the ladies drinking gin  
Across the South Pacific I will wander**

**And it's all for me boots, me noggin, noggin boots  
Gone for me beer and tobacco  
Well the heels are worn out, and the toes are all kicked out  
And the soles are lookin' out for better weather**

**And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog ...**

**And it's all for me shirt, me noggin, noggin shirt  
All for me beer and tobacco  
Well the collar it is worn, the sleeves they are all torn  
And the tail is looking out for better weather**

**And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog ...**

#### **INSTRUMENTAL**

**Well I'm sick in the head, I haven't been to bed  
Since I've been ashore for me slumber  
Well I spent all me dough on the ladies, don't ye know  
Across the South Pacific I will wander**

**And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog ... (× 5)**

#### **4. Blood-Red Roses**

Come all you sealers and listen to me  
**Come down, you blood-red roses, come down**  
A lovely song I'll sing to thee; **come down ...**  
It was in eighteen-hundred-and-three; **come down ...**  
That we set sail for the southern sea

**Oh, you pinks and posies**  
**Come down, you blood-red roses, come down**

Our captain he has set us down; **come down ...**  
And he has sailed for Sydney town; **come down ...**  
And he has left us with some grub; **come down ...**  
Just one split pea in a ten-pound tub

**Oh, you pinks and posies ...**

A bull-seal he is bigger than a mouse; **come down ...**  
But a sealer's lot is lower than a louse; **come down ...**  
And now we're all covered over with fur; **come down ...**  
We've grown us tails like Lucifer

**Oh, you pinks and posies ...**

INSTRUMENTAL

And when our captain he returns to hell; **come down ...**  
We will treat him here for a spell

**Oh, you pinks and posies ... (× 7)**



## **5. *Anchor Me***

Full fathom five  
Someday I'll lie  
Singing songs that come  
From dead men's tongues  
Anchor me, anchor me

As the compass turns  
And the glass it falls  
Where the storm-clouds roll  
And the gulls they call  
Anchor me, anchor me

**Anchor me, anchor me  
In the middle of your deep blue sea  
Anchor me, anchor me  
In the middle of your deep blue sea  
Anchor me, anchor me, anchor me**

Let the salt spray lash  
The shivering skin  
Where the green waves crash  
And the whirlpools spin  
Anchor me, anchor me

**Anchor me, anchor me ...**

Where the banshees cry  
And the bells they sound  
When you lift me high  
When you pull me down

When you pull me down  
When you pull me down

**Anchor me, anchor me ... (× 3)**

## ***6. Come All You Tonguers***

Come all you tonguers and land-loving lubbers  
Here's a job cutting-in and boiling down blubbers  
A job for the youngster or old and ailing  
The agent will take any man for shore-whaling

**I am paid in soap and sugar and rum  
For cutting in whale and boiling down tongue  
The agent's fee makes my blood so to boil  
I'll push him in a hot pot of oil**

Go hang the agent, the company too  
They are making a fortune off me and off you  
No chance of a passage from out of this place  
And the price of living's a blooming disgrace

**I am paid in soap and sugar and rum ...**

INSTRUMENTAL

**I am paid in soap and sugar and rum ... (× 2)**

## ***7. The Ballad of Young Nick***

I was born tenth of ten in a town by the sea  
And my father's heart died when my mother died bearing me  
    Dragged up in sorrow and always alone  
Still my heart did beat and my limbs did grow, yo-ho!

And when he'd grown tired of beating me blue  
My father said, "I know who'll know what to do with you"  
    And off I was bundled to the Reverend's school  
Where the bullies were brutal, and the teacher was cruel  
And the switch did swing and the tears did flow, yo-ho!

Five years I suffered and fagged and was flogged  
    In the name of an absent and furious god  
And I learned how to spell and I learned how to hide  
And the bruises did heal but the scars did show, yo-ho!

And it came in the spring of my eleventh year  
That I'd had all the beatings that one boy could bear  
And I leapt out my window and I ran through the night  
With my hands all a-shake and heart pounding with fright  
And the fear did spur and my heels did fly, yo-ho!

Plymouth's ten miles from the place of my birth  
    But I wanted to run to the ends of the earth  
So I hobbled on broken feet down to the docks  
Where the night-ladies flirt and the cutpurses flock, yo-ho!

I chose the first unguarded ship that I found  
And I boarded though I knew not where she was bound  
    And I huddled my bones in a lifeboat astern

And I swore I'd not move, though the whole ship should burn  
Till the anchors did weigh and the horizon did grow, yo-ho!

#### INSTRUMENTAL

Three days from shore I was found by the crew  
Huddled and starving and too weak to move  
And I asked them all if I was going to die  
And they told me, "That's for Captain Cook to decide," yo-ho!

He said, "By rights I should cast you straight overboard  
You're a spare mouth to feed that we can ill afford  
But I'll see that you're fed if you'll see that you earn it  
And I pray for your sake you'll be quick to learn  
For the sea loves to feed on a sailor that's slow," yo-ho!

Now I've toiled like a dog from that day to this  
I've seen times so hard that I tell you I've missed even  
The rod of the Reverend and my father's fists  
When the cold waves did tower and the killer winds did blow,  
yo-ho!

I've looked on in horror as not once but twice  
That mad captain drove us through oceans of ice  
And he'd not change his order, and he'd heed no advice  
Though the sails set solid and the ropes were like iron  
And the frozen air filled with the groans of the dying, yo-ho!

I've seen men marooned, glad to watch us set sail  
I've seen a princess held hostage, seen spears fly like hail  
I've seen good men go under while bad men prevail  
Still my heart does beat and my limbs do grow, yo-ho!

I was born tenth of ten in a town by the sea  
And my father's heart died when my mother died bearing me  
My heart still lives, and it longs to be home  
And it fears that I'm destined forever to roam  
Where the cold waves tower and the killer winds blow, yo-ho!

## **8. *Sailing***

I am sailing, I am sailing,  
Home again 'cross the sea  
I am sailing stormy waters  
To be near you, to be free

I am flying, I am flying  
Like a bird 'cross the sky  
I am flying, passing high clouds  
To be with you, to be free

Can you hear me, can you hear me  
Through the dark night, far away  
I am dying, forever trying  
To be with you, who can say

We are sailing, we are sailing  
Home again 'cross the sea  
We are sailing stormy waters  
To be near you, to be free

Oh Lord, to be near you, to be free  
Oh Lord, to be near you, to be free

## **9. La Complainte des Terre-Neuvas**

Il faut qu'tout l'monde mange ici-bas !  
**C'est-y pas vrai ? C'est-y pas vrai ?**  
Il faut qu'tout l'monde mange ici-bas!  
**C'est-y pas vrai, les Terre-Neuvas ?**

Nous autres si l'on part sur l'bateau  
C'est pour faire manger nos petiots

Des fois l'un d'nous tombe dans la mer  
C'est comme une grande gueule affamée

Tant pis pour lui, le pauvr' garçon  
Faut qu'ils mangent aussi, les poissons !

Les ceusses qui restent après ça  
S'mettent à pêcher ces poissons là !

S'mettent à pêcher avec ardeur,  
C'est pour engraisser l'armateur !

Il faut qu'tout l'monde mange ici bas !  
Y'a qu'nos petiots qui ne mangent pas !

Puisqu'on ne gagne pas sur l'bateau  
De quoi faire manger nos petiots !

Alors qu'est-ce qu'on va fout' la-bas ?  
Alors qu'est-ce qu'on va fout' la-bas ?

On va pêcher avec not'coeur  
C'est pour engraisser l'armateur !

## 10. *Le Corsaire Le Grand Coureur*

The corsair *Le Grand Coureur*  
A vessel of disaster  
When the fleet leaves the shore  
In pursuit of enemy  
The wind, the waves, and the war  
Turn against these men of sea

**C'mon all hands, hooray!**  
**C'mon all hands, hoorah!**

From the Orient to the great seas  
With good waves and good breeze  
It tacks to port-side fast  
Navigates the way with ease  
But alas a gust strikes the mast  
Behold the state of our spars!

**C'mon all hands, hooray! ...**

We must repair for the race  
Hoist the sails at a pace  
Whilst we work with good cheer  
Look to the starboard, sail-ho!  
And sure enough a great ship appears  
The carronades signal our foe

**C'mon all hands, hooray! ...**

It was an English ship, it's true  
With gun-ports and deadly crew

A trader in human souls  
But the French know not fear  
No, we will fight till the death-knell toll  
The battle's why we're here

**C'mon all hands, hooray! ...**

With heavy fire, danger grows  
We return them blow for blow  
And the beards of the brave  
Are steaming in the fight  
And then a mist does drown us like a wave  
And the enemy takes flight!

**C'mon all hands, hooray! ... (× 2)**

INSTRUMENTAL

And our swag after six months?  
Just three times they breached our front  
A fleet full of such loot  
Half-wrecked but no defeat  
One boat was filled with empty boots  
Another packed with rotten meat!

**C'mon all hands, hooray! ...**

For the battles yet to come  
We got feasts second to none  
We've rancid lard and beans  
Vinegar in lieu of wine



Rotten sea-bread fit for a queen  
A dose of camphor—rise and shine!

**C'mon all hands, hooray! ... (× 2)**

And if the story of *Grand Coureur*  
Does cause your heart to stir  
We've one request—it's sincere  
To drink, drink away  
Be it wine, be it rum, be it beer  
The privateers will cheer hooray!

**C'mon all hands, hooray! ... (× 8)**

## **11. *Vive les marins, beaux mariniers***

À Nantes, à Nantes, viens d'arriver  
**Vive les marins, beaux mariniers**  
Trois beaux navires, **lon lire, lire la**  
Trois beaux navires, chargés de blé

Trois dames s'en vont les visiter  
**Vive les marins, beaux mariniers**  
Marin marchand, **lon lire, lire la**  
Marin marchand, combien, ton blé ?

Entrez, mesdames, vous le verrez  
**Vive les marins, beaux mariniers**  
Nous le vendons, **lon lire, lire la**  
Nous le vendons, cent francs l'setier

La plus jeune a le pied léger  
**Vive les marins, beaux mariniers**  
Dedans la barque, **lon lire, lire la**  
Dedans la barque elle a sauté

La barque au loin s'en ait aller  
**Vive les marins, beaux mariniers**  
Arrête, arrête, **lon lire, lire la**  
Arrête, arrête, beaux mariniers

#### INSTRUMENTAL

J'entends ma mère m'appeler  
**Vive les marins, beaux mariniers**  
Et mes petits, **lon lire, lire la**  
Et mes petits enfants pleurer

Taisez-vous, la belle, vous mentez  
**Vive les marins, beaux mariniers**  
Jamais d'enfant, **lon lire, lire la**  
Jamais d'enfant n'avez porté

S'il plait à Dieu, vous en aurez  
**Vive les marins, beaux mariniers**  
De moi la belle, **lon lire, lire la**  
De moi la belle, si vous le voulez

Ce sera un gars, à naviguer  
**Vive les marins, beaux mariniers**  
Il portera, **lon lire, lire la**  
Il portera, chapeau ciré

## 12. *Davy Lowston*

Oh my name is Davy Lowston, I did seal, **I did seal**

My name is Davy Lowston, **I did seal**

Though my men and I were lost,

Though our very lives it cost

**We did seal, we did seal, we did seal**

Set down in Open Bay, we were set down, **we were set down**

Set down in Open Bay, **we were set down**

We were left, we gallant men,

Never more to sail again

**For to seal, for to seal, for to seal**

Our Captain John Bedar, he set sail, **he set sail**

Our Captain John Bedar, **he set sail**

“I’ll return, men, without fail!”

But he foundered in a gale

**And went down, and went down, and went down**

### INSTRUMENTAL

We cured ten thousand skins for the fur, **for the fur**

We cured ten thousand skins **for the fur**

Brackish water, putrid seal,

We did all of us fall ill

**For to die, for to die, for to die**

Come all you sailor lads who sail the sea, **sail the sea**

Come all you jolly tars **who sail the sea,**

Though the schooner *Governor Bligh*

Took on some who did not die

**Never seal, never seal, never seal**

### **13. *An Eye on the Weather***

In the grumbling months when the weak ones die

**Hi-yo! An eye on the weather**

In the grumbling months when the weak ones die

**Hi-yo! An eye on the weather**

In the grumbling months when the weak ones die

They die unshriven and they don't go to heaven

**Keep an eye on the wind and an eye on the weather**

**And the devil take them what's left behind (× 2)**

The moon is full, her belly swells; **Hi-yo! ... (× 2)**

The moon is full, her belly swells

But here below we're as hungry as hell

**Keep an eye on the wind ...**

The shark he wheels and he waits to feed; **Hi-yo! ... (× 2)**

The shark he wheels and he waits to feed

But he won't find a mouthful of meat on me

**Keep an eye on the wind ...**

INSTRUMENTAL

And if we make land as living men; **Hi-yo! ... (× 2)**

And if we make land as living men

I swear that I'll never set sail again

**Keep an eye on the wind ...**

## **14. *The Eddystone Light***

My father was the keeper of the Eddystone light  
And he slept with a mermaid one fine night  
Out of this union there came three:  
A porpoise and a porgy and the other was me

**Yo-ho-ho, the wind blows free  
Oh for the life on the rolling sea!**

One night as I was a-trimming the glim  
Singing a verse from the evening hymn  
I head a voice cry out an "Ahoy!"  
And there was my mother sitting on a buoy

**Yo-ho-ho, the wind blows free ...**

"Oh, what has become of my children three?"  
My mother then inquired of me  
One's on exhibit as a talking fish  
The other was served on a chafing dish

**Yo-ho-ho, the wind blows free ...**

Then the phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair  
I looked again, and my mother wasn't there  
But her voice came angrily out of the night  
"To Hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light!"

**Yo-ho-ho, the wind blows free ...**

## **15. *Fiddlers' Green***

As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair  
To view the salt water and take the sea air  
I heard an old fisherman singing a song:  
Won't you take me away boys, me time is not long

**Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumper  
No more on the docks I'll be seen  
Just tell me old shipmates I'm taking a trip, mates  
And I'll see you some day in Fiddlers' Green**

Now Fiddlers' Green is a place I heard tell  
Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell  
Where skies are all clear and the dolphins do play  
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

**Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumper ...**

When you get on the docks and the long trip is through  
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too  
When the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free  
And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree

**Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumper ...**

Now, I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me  
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea  
I'll play me old squeezebox as we sail along  
With the wind in the rigging to sing me a song

**Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumper ...**

## 16. *Le Forban*

A moi forban, que m'importe la gloire  
Les lois du monde et qu'importe la mort !

Sur l'océan j'ai planté ma victoire  
Et j'bois mon vin dans une coupe d'or  
Vivre d'orgie est ma seule espérance  
Le seul bonheur que j'ai pu conquérir

Vin qui pétille  
Femme gentille  
Sous tes baisers brûlants d'amour  
Plaisirs, bataille  
Vive la canaille !  
Je bois, je chante et je tue tour à tour

Peut-être au mât d'une barque étrangère  
Mon corps un jour servira d'étendard  
Et tout mon sang rougira la galère  
Aujourd'hui fête et, demain, le hasard  
Allons esclave, allons, debout mon brave !  
Buvons la vie et le vin à grands pots !

Aujourd'hui fête et  
Demain, peut-être  
Ma tête ira faire son trou dans les flots  
Peut-être un jour  
Par un coup de fortune  
Je capturerai l'or d'un riche galion

Et riche, alors, à vous acheter la lune  
Je m'en irai vers d'autres horizons

Là, respecté tout com me un gentilhomme  
Moi, qui n'est fus qu'un forban, qu'un bandit  
Je pourrai comme le fils d'un roi, tout comme  
Comme un bourgeois mourir dans un vrai lit

## ***17. What Shall We Do With a Drunken Sailor?***

What shall we do with a drunken sailor  
What shall we do with a drunken sailor  
What shall we do with a drunken sailor  
Early in the morning?

**Way-hey! and up she rises  
Way-hey! and up she rises  
Way-hey! and up she rises  
Early in the morning!**

### ALTERNATIVE SOLUTIONS

Sling him in a long boat till he's sober ...  
Stick him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him ...  
Shave [some part of his anatomy] with a rusty razor ...  
Put him into bed with the captain's daughter ...

### FINAL REFRAIN

**That's what we do with a drunken sailor  
That's what we do with a drunken sailor  
That's what we do with a drunken sailor  
Early in the morning!**



## **18. *Hand Over Hand***

Blow wind and crack your cheeks  
**(Hand over hand and shoulder to shoulder)**

I ain't seen land in fifty weeks  
**(My hands getting slow and my bones getting older)**  
Spent half my life across the line  
**(The bones of my brothers at the bottom of the ocean)**  
Staring back at the wake that boils behind  
**("Brother come down and join us")**

**Hand over hand and shoulder to shoulder**  
**My hands getting slow and my bones getting older**  
**The bones of my brothers at the bottom of the ocean**  
**Sing out, "Brother come down and join us"**

Sing of the girl I left on shore  
Though I can't remember her face no more  
But I hear her voice when a warm wind blows  
It beckons me down to the depths below

**Hand over hand and shoulder to shoulder ...**

Heave-ho and break your back  
Work your skin to the bone while the boss gets fat  
In the deep I dwell with the ones I love  
Staring back at the fools that toil above

**Hand over hand and shoulder to shoulder ... (× 4)**

## 19. *John Kanak*

On a whaling ship John woke today  
**John Kanak-Kanak, ah-too-la-aye**  
Just as some bloke screamed, “Anchors away!”  
**John Kanak-Kanak, ah-too-la-aye**

**Ah-too-la-aye, ah-too-la-aye**  
**John Kanak-Kanak, ah-too-la-aye**  
**Ah-too-la-aye, ah-too-la-aye**  
**John Kanak-Kanak, ah-too-la-aye**

They signed him up in a beer cafe  
Got him drunk for free but soon he'd pay

Now he hoists the sail in the cold sea spray  
While the bastard captain he sips Mount Gay

Rounding Cape Horn he started to pray  
But God is cruel in a stormy way

They looked for whales all the live-long day  
They ain't caught naught but the towering waves

John jumped ship down at Spirits Bay  
Met a Māori girl from Whangarei

Now John's content with his wahine  
He swears to her he'll never whale again

CHORUS × 3

## **20. *Mates At Sea***

Flee the dirt, heed the call  
Leave the echo, city walls  
Grip the wheel, wait the night  
We are kindred, side to side  
Know the stars, know the breeze  
Know the open hallowed seas

**Do it for the love of family  
Do it for the heart in all its pain  
Do it for the weight of every day  
Do it for the mates at sea**

Take it deep, straight and true  
We are ancient, we are few  
Blow the west, blow the east  
Fill the sails, never cease  
Ocean deep, blue and vast  
We are fleeting, not the last

**Do it for the love of family ...**

We are kindred, side to side  
Know the open hallowed seas  
We are ancient, we are few  
We are fleeting, not the last

**Do it for the love of family ...**

## **21. *The Leaving of Liverpool***

Farewell to you, my own true love  
I am going far, far away  
I am bound for Californ-i-aye  
And I know that I'll return someday

**So fare thee well, my own true love  
And when I return, united we will be  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me  
But my darling when I think of thee**

I have slipped on Yankee clipper ship  
Davey Crockett is her name  
And Burgess is the captain of her  
And they say that she's a floating hell

**So fare thee well, my own true love ...**

I have sailed with Burgess once before,  
And I think that I know him well  
If a man's a sailor he will get along  
If not then he's sure for hell

**So fare thee well, my own true love ...**

The sun is in the harbour, love  
And I wish that I could remain  
For I know that it will be a long, long time  
Before I see you again

**So fare thee well, my own true love ...**

INSTRUMENTAL

**So fare thee well, my own true love  
And when I return, united we will be  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me  
But my darling when I think of thee (× 3)**

**22. *We're Not in London Now*  
(*Sam Parnell's Law*)**

Well a ship brought him from a faraway land  
Where the labour worked in 14-hour stands  
He docked in a place they called "End of Sand"  
And he said to Mary he'd thought himself a plan  
    "We're not in London now  
We will not let them take all the light of our days"

**It could be eight hours that we work here  
Eight hours for to sleep  
Eight hours with the family and the company you keep**

As the boats sailed in to Port Nicholson  
Sam Parnell gone welcomed all of them  
And he called on all the women and all the men  
To never work more than eight hours again  
    "We're not in London now  
It must be on these terms or be thrown in the sea!"

**Because it's eight hours that we work here ... (× 3)**

### ***23. The Men of the Grand Banks' Cry***

Every one of us down here must be fed  
**It's true what I say, it's true what I say**  
Every one of us down here must be fed  
**It's true what I say and the Grand Banks are vast**

We signed up to toil on the sea  
Cos on land we've got young-uns to feed

I've watched as a mate of mine fell  
In the ravenous mouth of the swell

There's no sense in shedding a tear  
Them fishes deserve their fair share

He wasn't much good as a mate  
We'll see if he does better as bait

We'll fish till we've till broken our backs  
So the agent on land can get fat

Every one one of us down here must be fed  
And our young-uns are crying for bread

If we make land with nothing to sell  
Then the young-uns have nothing as well

What the hell are we gonna do now?  
What the hell are we gonna do now?

We're gonna fish till we've till broken our backs  
So the agent on land can get fat

## 24. *New Zealand Whales*

Come all of you whale-men who are cruising for sperm  
Come all of you seamen who have rounded Cape Horn  
For our captain has told us, and he swears out of hand  
There's a thousand whales off the coast of New Zealand (× 2)

'Twas early one morning just as the sun rose  
That a voice from the masthead cried out, "There she blows!"  
Our captain cried, "Where away and how does he lay?"  
"Three points on our lee, sir, scarce two miles away" (× 2)

"Then call up all hands and be of good cheer  
Get your lines in your rowboats, and your tackle-falls clear!"  
We sailed off the west wind and came up apace  
The whaleboats were lowered and set on the chase (× 2)

### INSTRUMENTAL

We fought him alongside, harpoon we thrust in  
In just over an hour he rolled out his fin  
The whale is cut-in, boys, tried out and stowed down  
He's worth more to us, boys, than five-hundred pound (× 2)

Our ship it is laden, for home we will steer  
There's plenty of rum, boys, and plenty of beer  
We'll spend money freely for the pretty girls ashore  
And when it's all gone we'll go whaling for more (× 4)

## **25. A Sailor Needs a Boat**

A sailor needs a boat  
A sailor needs a beer  
I'm on the hunt for both  
The bloody cost of living here!

**Hey, ho! with the sand as a pillow  
Curse your sails as they billow  
Hey, ho! I'm a hard working fellow  
Landlocked with an eye on the morrow**

It taught me all I know  
The great majestic sea  
But look at what I got to show  
Look at what's become of me

**Hey, ho! with the sand as a pillow ...**

Done a stint across the ditch  
Cap'n drove us to the brink  
'Twas us who made the bastard rich  
I'd love to push him in the drink

**Hey, ho! with the sand as a pillow ...**

INSTRUMENTAL

Hey, I'll tell you 'bout a dream I have  
Where I can stay afloat  
Well, in it I'm a jolly lad  
And then I wake up in your moat

**Hey, ho! with the sand as a pillow ... (× 2)**



## **26. Pour le coeur d'un marin**

Du port de Nantes a Amsterdam  
Quand s'arrachent les bateaux  
Que le vent se leve tot  
Les voiles claquent pour les oiseaux  
**Pour les oiseaux, pour les oiseaux**

D'Aberdeen à Copenhague  
Lève ton verre à la santé  
Des Filles et des marées  
Le ciel est chaud sous ton chapeau  
**Sous ton chapeau, sous ton chapeau**

De Primel à Barcelone  
Quand le faim se fait chagrin  
Sur le terre d'un Gamin  
Donné le Père était marin  
**Était marin, était marin**

### INSTRUMENTAL

De Marseille à Odessa  
Prend son chagrin par la main  
Met le ciel sous son chapeau  
Son coeur chante pour les oiseaux  
**Pour les oiseaux, pour les oiseaux**

Et de Brest à Syracuse  
Dans le fumée des cargos  
Charger vider t'as dans l'dos

L'envie de voler des oiseaux  
**Voler des oiseaux, voler des oiseaux (× 2)**

## ***27. The Waves of the Great Open Sea***

I've lost patience for dry land  
And this slow powerless fate  
Is this life guided by my hands  
Or the man, his coin and the state?

And there's some solace in sweethearts  
And in beer drunk among friends

But the gloom grows in the daylight  
As we sell our souls to the scum  
There's a glory just beyond our sight  
It's been passed from father to son

**So we'll set our sails tomorrow  
And tonight we'll drink merrily  
With the wind there's a way to find freedom  
On the waves of the great open sea  
With the wind there's a way to find freedom  
On the waves of the great open sea (× 2)**

INSTRUMENTAL

**So we'll set our sails tomorrow ...**

## **28. Dry Land**

When your skin is as dry and as cracked as old leather  
**Haul away, all hands**  
And your eyes are burned red by the rum and the weather  
**Haul away to dry land**

**Dry land, boys, dry land**  
**It's the only place for a man**  
**If I should die while I roam**  
**Bury my bones on dry land**

When the rum's spun your head till you think down is up  
**Haul away, all hands**  
And the devil wants paying for your last round of luck  
**Haul away to dry land**

**Dry land, boys, dry land**  
**It's the only safe place to stand ...**

When your hands take to trembling when you haul on a rope  
**Haul away, all hands**  
And your friends left alive are as few as your hopes  
**Haul away to dry land**

**Dry land, boys, dry land**  
**It's the only safe place to stand ...**

INSTRUMENTAL

**Dry land, boys, dry land**  
**It's the only place for a man**

**If I should die while I roam  
Bury my bones on dry land**

**Dry land, boys, dry land  
It's the only safe place to stand  
If I should die while I roam  
Bury my bones on dry land**

### ***29. A Drop of Nelson's Blood***

A drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm  
A drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm  
A drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm  
And we'll all hang on behind

**And we'll roll the old chariot along  
And we'll roll the old chariot along  
And we'll roll the old chariot along  
And we'll all hang on behind**

#### **ADDITIONAL VERSES**

A can of Double Brown wouldn't do us any harm ...  
A shot of single malt wouldn't do us any harm ...  
A little bit of loving wouldn't do us any harm ...  
A penthouse suite wouldn't do us any harm ...  
A feed of falafel wouldn't do us any harm ...

### 30. *Haul Away Joe*

When I was a little boy, or so my mother told me  
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe  
That if I did not kiss the girls, my lips would all grow mouldy  
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

King Louis was the king of France, before the revolution  
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe  
But then he got his head cut off, which spoiled his  
constitution  
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Oh, once I had a Newtown girl, and she was fat and lazy  
Then I got a Brooklyn girl, she damn near drove me crazy

So I got a Tawa girl, and she was kind and tender  
She left me for an Aucklander, so young and rich and slender

Way, haul away, I'll sing to you of Nancy  
Way, haul away, she's just my cut and fancy

#### INSTRUMENTAL

Oh, once I was in Napier, working at the New World  
Now I'm on the J'ville line, a-hauling suits and schoolgirls

The cook is in the galley, making duff so handy  
And the captain's in his cabin, drinking wine and brandy

Way, haul away, the good ship is a-bowling  
Way, haul away, the sheet she is a-blowing

Way, haul away, we'll haul away together  
Way, haul away, we'll haul for better weather

### **31. *Hori Waiti (Barnet Burns)***

From these marks I earn my keep  
I cannot work, still I must eat  
and when I look into the glass  
for my family I weep  
Born a sailor, born to work  
Down here they use me as a clerk

The sea it called, a call I heed  
From Sydney's shores I promptly fled  
With Captain Brown, mastered my trade  
Of flax and guns and regions gained  
I learned the language of the coast  
Within one year I earned a post

A stranger in Mahia  
One-hundred miles from Pākehā  
I slept, my musket by my side  
I feared each hour for my life  
I earned the trust of tribe and chief  
My spirit grew, I gained belief

And so to bind me to the land  
The chief offered his daughter's hand  
A ship was sent from Sydney town  
With word I was to be shut down  
For my friends and world I grieved  
My wife with child I wouldn't leave

It was a time of war and death  
My iwi swore they would protect  
Pledged my honour to my tribe  
Fought with my brothers by my side  
Armed with slaves in search of flax  
One night Ngai Te Rangi attacked

We fought till every man was beaten  
All but I was killed and eaten  
The rival chief pled that I stay  
That I fight, and that I trade  
The jealous said they'd eat my heart  
They called for proof I'd play my part

For seven days they cut my face  
Then in the rain I fled in haste  
Cries of joy when I appeared  
Musket shots, revenge declared  
One-hundred toa I led to war  
In the siege of Kekeparoa

And with my moko entire  
A rangatira or a liar  
Two years I lived in happiness  
The likes I will forever miss  
Then the sea it called, a call I heed  
For this I'm cursed and now I bleed

The *Bardester* of Liverpool  
Would make land, make me a fool  
Sydney-bound, my wife I left  
Of brothers and of sons bereft  
Every night I sell this story  
For the coin more than the glory

No man's known more regret  
Those distant islands haunt me yet  
And the sea keeps us apart  
Across the sea I left my heart

### **32. Ship In A Squall**

We don't need no navigation  
We don't need no port control  
No mad marauders from the starboard  
Captain! leave us mates alone

**Hey! Captain! Leave us mates alone**  
**All in all you're just another ship in a squall (× 2)**



### 33. *Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This)*

Sweet dreams are made of this  
Who am I to disagree  
I travel the world and the seven seas  
Everybody's looking for something  
Some of them want to board you  
Some of them want you overboard  
Some of them want to loot you  
Some of them want to be your loot

Sweet dreams are made of this ...

Hoist your sail  
**Movin' on**  
Heave-ho brother  
**Movin' on**  
Dead ahead  
**Movin' on**  
Heave-ho brother  
**Movin' on**

Sweet dream s are made of this ...

### 34. *Reagan Dougan*

It was an illustrious crew aboard the *Manchester*  
All buccaneers o' the big blue and captained by Spencer  
A chain o' gold or a wooden leg, whatever, come what may  
The pirate oath'll keep us true until judgement day!

**So, Reagan Dougan and the sailor folk, hi ho!  
Stand by to board, and then our hoard  
Will only grow and grow  
Slay 'em all for the haul, or your final hurrah  
Will be to hang your neck in noose  
Like a pompous bourgeoisie!**

It was a sacred gang o' scum, sea-farin' pirates all  
Sallywags each and every one, at daylight and nightfall  
To steal and loot and stab and shoot, it's our oc-cu-pa-tion  
For the gold you have to kill, it's no quarter given!

**So, Reagan Dougan and the sailor folk, hi ho! ...**

Revelry, addled frenzy, no fear o' hangin' dead  
Your heart lives on, dreams of sea, your hands are bloody red  
For a lass or an affront we'll fight another day  
We only dream of the hunt, for it's "No prey means no pay!"

**So, Reagan Dougan and the sailor folk, hi ho! ...**

Hurrah the girls, hurrah the fair, we moor in the Caribbees  
We're gonna drink up to forget great carnage of the seas  
And in my final battle fought, my arm got cut right off  
After one thousand coins were swiped  
from a stinking bourgeois toff

**So, Reagan Dougan and the sailor folk, hi ho! ... (× 2)**

### 35. *Six Months in a Leaky Boat*

When I was a young boy  
I wanted to sail round the world  
That's the life for me  
Living on the sea  
Spirit of a sailor  
Circumnavigates the globe  
The lust of a pioneer  
Will acknowledge no frontier

I remember you by  
Thunderclap in the sky  
Lightning flash, tempers flare  
Round the Horn if you dare  
I just spent six months in a leaky boat  
Lucky just to keep afloat

Aotearoa  
Rugged individual  
Glisten like a pearl  
At the bottom of the world  
The tyranny of distance  
Didn't stop the cavalier  
So why should it stop me?  
I'll conquer and stay free

Ah, come on all you lads  
Let's forget and forgive  
There's a world to explore  
Tales to tell back on shore

I just spent six months in a leaky boat  
Six months in a leaky boat

INSTRUMENTAL

Shipwrecked love can be cruel  
Don't be fooled by her kind  
There's a wind in my sails  
Will protect and prevail  
I just spent six months in a leaky boat  
Nothing to it, leaky boat

**36. *Quinzes marins sur le bahu du mort***

**Quinzes marins sur le bahu du mort  
Yop là ho, une bouteille de ruhm  
A boire et l'diable avait réglé leur sort  
Yop là ho, une bouteille de ruhm**

Long John Silver a pris le commandement  
Des marins, et vogue la galère  
Il tient ses hommes comme il tient le vent  
Tout le monde à peur de John Long Silver

**Quinzes marins sur le bahu du mort ...**

C'est lui le second du corsaire  
Le capitaine Flerit dis la colère  
Est revenu du royaume des morts  
Pour hanter la cache au trésor

### **Quinzes marins sur le bahu du mort ...**

Essaie un peu de le contrecarrer  
Et tu iras où d'autres sont allés  
Quelqu's'uns aux vergues et quelq's'uns par d'sus bord  
Tout le monde pour nourrir les poissons d'abord

### **Quinzes marins sur le bahu du mort ...**

Tous finiront par danser la gigue  
La corde au cou au quai des pendus  
Toi John Forest et toi John Merwig  
Si près du gibet qu'j'en ai l'cou tordu

### **Quinzes marins sur le bahu du mort ...**

**Fifteen men on a dead man's chest  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!  
Drink and the devil had done for the rest  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!**

## ***37. Salió de Jamaica***

Salió de Jamaica  
rumbo a Nueva York  
un barco velero  
un barco velero, cargado de ron

En medio del mar  
el barco se hundió

la culpa la tuvo  
el señor capitán que se emborrachó

**No siento el barco  
no siento el barco que se perdió  
siento el marino  
siento el marino y la tripulación**

**Pobres marinos  
pobres pedazos del corazón  
que la mar brava  
que la mar brava se los llevó**

Señor capitán (**Señor capitán**)  
dejeme subiré (**dejeme subiré**)  
izar la bandera  
al palo más alto de su bergantín

INSTRUMENTAL

**No siento el barco ...**

**Pobres marinos ...**

Señor capitán (**Señor capitán**) ...

**Pobres marinos ...**

Señor capitán (**Señor capitán**) ...

### **38. Whaling**

You sing bravo, bravo  
You're a brave, brave man  
I know it's just bravado  
You never sink cos you swim

And when your ship can't handle  
The heaviest seas  
Your spirits will get you through  
Go down on bended knees

You sing save me, save me  
Save me from myself  
I'm the first to get trigger-happy  
First to think of my own health  
Cos I'm, oh I'm—

Cos I'm whaling, out on the green  
I'll never get used to the sea  
But I'm whaling, manning my harpoon  
Not where I want it to be

But I'm whaling, feel like Jonah  
Never meaning you no harm  
But I'm whaling, next port of call  
Back in my sweet baby's arms

In a room, close, savouring our love  
While we got rest and recreation

You sing bravo, bravo  
Save me from myself  
I'm the first to get trigger-happy  
First to think of my own health  
Cos I'm, oh I'm—

**Cos I'm whaling, out on the green ...**

### ***39. Soon May the Wellerman Come***

There was a ship that was put to sea  
The name of the ship was the *Billy of Tea*  
The winds blew up, her bow dipped down  
O blow, my bully-boys, blow

**Soon may the Wellerman come  
And bring us sugar and tea and rum  
One day when the tonguing is done  
We'll take our leave and go**

She had not been two weeks from shore  
When down on her a right whale bore  
The captain called all hands and swore  
He'd take that whale in tow

**Soon may the Wellerman come ...**

Before the boat had hit the water  
The whale's tail came up and caught her



All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her  
When she dived down below

**Soon may the Wellerman come ...**

No line was cut, no whale was freed  
The Captain's mind was not of greed  
But he belonged to the whaleman's creed  
She took the ship in tow

**Soon may the Wellerman come ...**

INSTRUMENTAL

For forty days or even more  
The line went slack, then tight once more  
All boats were lost (there were only four)  
But still the whale did go

**Soon may the Wellerman come ...**

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on  
The line's not cut and the whale's not gone  
The Wellerman makes his regular call  
To the Captain, crew, and all

**Soon may the Wellerman come ... (× 2)**

## **The Sea Hates a Coward: A History of the Wellington Sea Shanty Society**

What comes first—the sea or the shanty? For some, the shanty is their only way to relate the unrelatable: the foam of days, a life at sea. For others, a shanty may assuage a malady, something the sea alone can cure. Since time immemorial (1804), members of the Wellington Sea Shanty Society, however, have known there is no separating the salt from the spume.

They say the first W.S.S.S. shanteur was half man, half taniwha, half woman; wasn't so much born, as broke upon the land like a rogue wave round Makara way; had a voice like a porpoise in heat; and moved like seaweed in the shallows. This mysterious progenitor soon had the whares and flophouses of Whanganui-a-Tara awash with marine melodies. Wellington was officially a shanty town.

The most affected began to meet secretly, after dark, at bring-a-bottle affairs on the bad side of Breaker Bay. The gatherings were frequented by visiting sailors from far and wide—and the regulars, known as the finest (and drunkest) choir in the south seas. No surprise, then, that when the law came to town, they were driven underground.

But—the bottle is full again! The W.S.S.S. have surfaced and can be heard singing once more. What's more, they can be sung with too! Without (much) fear of imprisonment. The current performing members, Lake Davineer and Vorn dont le Père était Marin, have even been accorded the rank of Shanatee\*—the highest honour the W.S.S.S. can bestow.

It's not often a group is at once our heritage and our future. With a shanty there's a way to find freedom, on the waves of the great open sea ...

\* After the legendary group of manatees taught to sing shanties by 15th-century sailors

Lin Seal, *Wellington Nautical History Monthly*

[www.wellingtonseashantysociety.com](http://www.wellingtonseashantysociety.com)

# Index of Tunes

Pg	Shanty	Key	Words and music
4	Across the Line (The Sailor's Way)	C	Anon., 1870s (words); Jim Delahunty (music)
6	All For Me Grog	E	Anon.
8	Anchor Me	A	Don McGlashan (The Muttonbirds)
10	The Ballad of Young Nick	g	W.S.S.S.
7	Blood-Red Roses	G	Anon.
5	Cannibal Jack	g	W.S.S.S.
9	Come All You Tonguers	D	Anon., 1830s NZ
13	La Complainte des Terre-Neuvas	e	Gaston Couté (words); Gérard Pierron & Marc Robine (music)
14	Le Corsaire <i>Le Grand Coureur</i>	d	Anon., tr. W.S.S.S.
18	Davy Lowston	G	Anon., c.1814 NZ
34	Dry Land	C	W.S.S.S.
35	A Drop of Nelson's Blood	a	Anon., arr. W.S.S.S.
19	An Eye on the Weather	g	W.S.S.S.
20	The Eddystone Light	C	Anon., 1800s
21	Fiddlers' Green	F	John Conolly
22	Le Forban		Trad.
24	Hand Over Hand	e	W.S.S.S.
36	Haul Away Joe	b	Anon., arr. W.S.S.S.
37	Hori Waiti (Barnet Burns)	e	W.S.S.S.
25	John Kanak	E	Anon., tr. W.S.S.S.
27	The Leaving of Liverpool	C	Anon.

<b>Pg</b>	<b>Shanty</b>	<b>Key</b>	<b>Words and music</b>
26	Mates At Sea	g	W.S.S.S.
29	The Men of the Grand Banks' Cry	e	Gaston Couté, tr. W.S.S.S. (words); Gérard Pierron & Marc Robine (music)
30	New Zealand Whales	D	Anon., 1800s
32	Pour le coeur d'un marin	e	Anon.
43	Quinzes marins sur le bahu du mort	d	Michel Tonnerre
40	Reagan Dougan	c-sharp	Michel Tonnerre, tr. W.S.S.S.
12	Sailing	E	Gavin Sutherland
31	A Sailor Needs a Boat	C	W.S.S.S.
44	Salió de Jamaica	C	Anon. (attrib. Ricardo Lafuente)
42	Six Months in a Leaky Boat	D	Tim Finn (Split Enz)
47	Soon May the Wellerman Come	a	Anon., c.1860–70
40	Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This)	b	The Eurhythmics, arr. W.S.S.S.
16	Vive les marins, beaux mariniers	g	Anon.
33	The Waves of the Great Open Sea	f-sharp	W.S.S.S.
28	We're Not in London Now (Sam Parnell's Law)	g	W.S.S.S.
46	Whaling	C	Dave Dobbyn (DD Smash)